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Merry Christmas

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EDITORIALS

The Honors Program Christmas '56 Style

By Linda Place, '57

NEXT year will mark the beginning of the honors program in Pittsfield High School. This offers a great opportunity for able and ambitious students to do the more advanced work of which they are capable.

The honors program is an important step in preparing for higher education because the students encounter more difficult and mature material of the type offered in college. Participation in this program demonstrates serious intent, a quality for which admissions officers are constantly searching. In an honors course, the normal secondary school work is covered at a faster rate, according to the abilities of the students. By the end of their senior year, many students will have had at least a half year of college-level study. In some instances, special tests offered by the College Entrance Examination Board may qualify them for advanced courses in college.

At present, it is positive that honors courses will be offered to the coming sophomore class in English, mathematics, and science. If enough interest is shown, honors work will be offered in foreign languages. There will be a chance for seniors and juniors to enter this last course.

What about the students not in the honors courses? Will they benefit at all? The answer is yes. With the superior students in special classes, the average student will have a chance to shine where previously he was constantly overshadowed.

The honors program is now spreading through the nation. We are proud that the Pittsfield school system is among the progressive systems which have accepted it.

By Janet Allison, '57

CHRISTMAS is just around the corner! With this anticipation lurking in our minds, many of us P.H.S. students are industriously completing our Christmas lists. Since Santa Claus comes but once a year, there is no reason why we should not consider ourselves the most important items on Santa's agenda.

But wait! Is this attitude not selfish? What about those unfortunate people who do not attend school, eat nourishing foods, and have the luxuries of daily living? Will Santa's reindeer stop at their houses on Christmas eve? Probably not. Many of those individuals do not have even relatives or friends who would be able to spare a penny for Christmas gifts. If we should look around and observe our own city, we would surely discover many people who do not possess the essentials of adequate living. Furthermore, glancing at other countries of the world, we would feel positive that the majority of the world's population is lacking all the luxurious elements of living, which most of us at P.H.S. possess.

Perhaps we should erase our names from Santa's list and substitute the names of those people who are in dire want of remembrance. Let us all try our very best this Christmas to extend our happiness and cheer to unfortunate persons. Calling them on the telephone and giving them Christmas greetings is just one example of the manner in which this may be accomplished. Perhaps paying an actual visit to their homes would be effective. We can not lose anything by showing good-will towards our neighbors. Christmas will have a deeper meaning for them—and for us.

ESSAYS

A Tanglewood Tale

By Henrie Haidak '58

FOR years, under one pretense or another, Mother has managed at least once annually to drag me forcibly to Tanglewood to absorb some culture. This was always a great effort for her and entailed much wheedling, coaxing, and finally, some threatening. This year, very underhandedly, Mother somehow placed me at this long-haired institution for a much longer period of time. Looking back, I still can't understand exactly how it all came about, but I've managed to gather a few facts here and there.

There is a department at Tanglewood labeled "Programme Girls." These girls, volunteers, are in charge of handing out programs during the four major concert series of the year. For those not acquainted with Tanglewood, a series consists of three concerts,—on Friday night, Saturday night, and Sunday afternoon. The very able head of this department happened to be one of Mother's friends, and, to make a long story short, I somehow became a loyal member of the "Programme Girls."

My first premonition of what lay before me arrived in the very innocuous form of a neatly typewritten post-card informing "Miss Henrie Haidak" that she must attend a meeting at Tanglewood, in the Shed, on Monday, July eighth. At that moment I had never heard of the Shed, and Tanglewood was the farthest thought from my mind. Naturally, being much upset, I made instantaneous inquiries concerning the dreadful document. Being informed that Mother had "forgotten" to let me know of her decision, I proceeded to make the rash statement, "I wouldn't be caught dead in that place!"

Monday, July eighth, at exactly seven P. M. found me entering the pearly gates of Tanglewood, together with nearly a hundred other victims. We were promptly escorted to the Shed, those attempting to escape being unceremoniously shepherded back into formation.

The shed turned out to be a large, flat, modernistic structure with open sides, containing a stage and rows and rows of seats. The general impression it gave could be summed up in the word *massive*.

After we seated ourselves in the center rows, our very pleasant-voiced and attractive directress, together with her ever-ready assistants, explained our duties and then assigned us to our series. After only a half-hour session, we were dismissed. When I returned home, my mind was more at ease and my fears somewhat allayed. I had not yet encountered anyone dashing madly about the place playing a Mendelssohn concerto furiously on a violin, hair all awry, bearing faint resemblance to a wild man of Borneo, as I had anticipated. This fearful spectre was my connotation of the typical concert violinist.

Two weeks later, I fearfully presented myself at the personnel gate after thoroughly disrupting the mental processes of two of the Guides, who had attempted to explain to me how to get there. Armed with my badge of identification, I walked slowly up to the checker and smiled timidly. He gazed boredly down at me and brusquely inquired, "Name?" I somehow managed, tremulously, to whisper my name, and then I stood there, waiting for judgment to be passed. All my worst fears were realized as he looked at me suspiciously

and bluntly informed me that my name was not there. Finally, after what seemed like years, he located it under the A's, acting the whole time as though I had deliberately planned the whole thing. He disgustedly motioned me on, and I was in.

I reported immediately to headquarters and was assigned my post, at the converging paths, which was one of the most peopled spots in the place. However, much to my dismay, it was also the most mosquitoed spot in Tanglewood. There, armed with a few boxes of programs, I began my job.

It took me only a few minutes to learn the technique of giving away programs, and I shall take time out right now to mention a few handy pointers. Most important, one must always smile, no matter how disgusted she is, how much she is inwardly seething, or how badly she wants to throw all her programs in some guest's face and go home. The program girl also must always make it a point to mention that the programs are completely free, which is the secret of how to get rid of all one's programs easily. I've seen people glance furtively in my direction as they come in the gate, think, "Hah, she's not going to stick me for a program; I'll ignore her," and then try to walk inconspicuously by me. However, I've never seen anyone notice me faster than these, the minute they were informed that the programs were a courtesy of Tanglewood.

As the concerts rolled by, many interesting things occurred, and I garnered much valuable experience in working with the public. However, now and then I still found myself in embarrassing situations.

I distinctly recall offering a very impressive-looking, white-haired gentleman a program; in fact, insisting he take one and having him severely inform me, "Young lady, I'm sure I'll be amply supplied with one on the podium," wink, and walk off. A few minutes later, much to my dismay, I was informed that I had exchanged words with the great

Charles Munch, who was conducting that evening.

Also, I bet I was the only Elvis Presley fan in the place. A few of the people there spent many wearying hours trying to make me relinquish my fondness for "that Mr. Presley" as they teasingly referred to him. I wouldn't, for I felt that he was the only existing link between me and the outside world.

Looking back on those few weeks at Tanglewood, I must honestly admit, though it does surprise me greatly, that I enjoyed myself enough to want to go back there next year. But I won't show this statement to my mother.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Linda Gagnier, '58

Snow sparkling beneath the stars,
Shadows cast by the moon,
Pines—an enchanting silhouette,
Christmas trees.

Sleigh bells ringing in the distance,
Carolers beneath a street light,
A jolly laugh from St. Nick,
A calm night—one of expectation.

Children hanging their stockings,
Happy people laden with gifts
Merrily greet one and all,
Packages gaily trimmed.

Santa at the corner,
Candy canes and such,
A manger in the churchyard,
Glowing candles.

A feeling of peace to men of good will.
This is Christmas Eve.

EULOGY

By Marcia Allen, '57

All hail our football team.
Pass a bunch of roses.
These are the boys we all esteem
With broken arms and noses.

The Age-Old Struggle

By Ellen Schainuck, '58

HISTORY has often repeated itself in the fight for freedom. At the close of the eighteenth century both France and the United States revolted. In the early twentieth century the Russian peasants rose against the Czar. And right now the Hungarian people are revolting against the yoke of communism.

But the fight for freedom is not a modern tale. It goes far back into history. It was in the year 165 B.C. that the Jews in Palestine fought and won a war for freedom. The victory of this battle for freedom is still commemorated by the Jews the world over. The celebration of Hanukah, the festival of lights, which occurs at this season, is the joyous holiday which commemorates the victory of the Jews over the Syrians.

The Jews, by nature a peace-loving people, fought this war because the Syrian king, Antiochus, was planning to eradicate Judaism. This revolt began when Syrian officers made an altar to Zeus in Modin and tried to compel the Jews there to worship this idol. The Syrian officer asked Mattathias, the leading Jew in Modin, to be the first to worship at that altar. Mattathias refused and fled, calling out, "Whoever is for the Lord follow me." Mattathias and his very small band of followers hid in caves in the mountains. Whenever a band of Syrians came looking for them, they fought their enemies off with sticks and stones and their bare hands. After defeating a group of Syrians, they took armor and weapons from their captives.

When Mattathias died, his son Judah Maccabee took over his position as leader. Instead of hiding in caves, as his father had, Judah led his small band of three thousand men to meet the vast Syrian army. Once, twice, three times Judah thwarted the Syrian attempts at victory.

Finally, after two years of gruelling battles,

Judah captured Jerusalem and ordered his soldiers to clean the Temple on whose altar animals had been sacrificed; the idol of Zeus was thrown out.

On the twenty-fifth of the Hebrew month of Kisleo, which usually falls in December, the Temple was ready for rededication. As was the custom, the everlasting light was to be rekindled. To this day Jews all over the world celebrate this miraculous victory with the festival called Hanukah, meaning "dedication" or "festival of lights." The symbol of this holiday is a nine branched candelabra, called a *menorah*.

This is one tale of a small minority rising up against overwhelming odds to obtain that freedom which is every man's birthright.

THE PLIGHT OF A SOPHOMORE

By Jane McMahon, '59

Being a sophomore has its charms;
For though we cause many alarms,
The seniors say, "Oh, let it pass—
They're just the babies of the class."

A sophomore's life is full of thrills
Although our elders think us pills;
And juniors eye us with despair
As we ascend forbidden stairs.

Our lockers jam; we lose our books,
'Til teachers give us deadly looks;
They shake their heads and sigh, "Alas,"
As we get lost on way to class.

Although I love this sophomore life,
Filled with laughter, tears, and strife,
I wish next year would come much sooner
'Cause I can't wait 'til I'm a junior!

The Decline and Fall of the Raspberry Empire

By Carole Spearin, '57

MOST parents who own a backyard succumb at some period in their lives to cluttering up that backyard with apple trees, swiss chard, a chicken coop, or, in my unfortunate case, berry bushes—three one-hundred-foot rows of raspberry bushes. I had nothing against raspberries; but three miserably fertile rows, which had to be picked on six sides every summer night, were just too much.

A typical summer evening used to go something like this: I had just arrived home, hot and tired after a two-mile trek from the lake and had eaten supper when my father's command came to begin picking. Since I was the only child at that time, I was forced to devise various excuses, usually unsuccessful, to delay picking. Among these were:

"I'm tired." (This excuse never worked).

"It's too hot."

"You swam all afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—" (This one never worked either).

"My legs ache."

"What's the matter? Don't you want to have big, strong muscles?"

"But, Daddy, I'm a girl. I don't need muscles." (This one worked occasionally).

I don't feel that I was lazy at that time. I was just a normal ten-year-old who saw no necessity for work on her summer vacation. When my excuses were finally exhausted, I reluctantly began to pick the red berries in the hot setting sun.

The picking was slow in the early years when the bushes were laden with berries. As I inched my way along, with the blinding orange sun in my eyes, I envied those children whose parents owned small backyards and

couldn't raise anything but the children. Our back lot, however, was a parasite's paradise for garter snakes, small mice, large rats, mosquitoes, little green worms, black ants, and Japanese beetles, all of which fed on the raspberry patch. Often when I lifted a leaf, a gorgeous chartreuse worm, startled from his siesta, would peer out questioningly, as if to say, "Look, lady, I know food prices are high, but I gotta eat, too!" By this time I, the insect hater, had usually dropped my basket, scattering my hard work, or had yelled insanely, "Daddy, help me! There's a worm here who won't let me by!" Sometimes my father rescued me.

A worse menace, however, were the Japanese beetles whose gleaming, blue-green backs I detested. Their favorite pastime was leaping onto the unwary picker and scrambling down his back, to lie there tickling unmercifully.

I must mention here that raspberry picking is a technique requiring a summer to perfect. The juicy berries must not be grasped too tightly and must be the color of healthy spaghetti sauce before they can be picked. Despite these precautions, my hands rivaled Lady Macbeth's in redness most of the summer.

After two hours of picking, the blazing sun usually set on ten quart baskets of luscious red berries; a tired, perspiring me, scratching furiously at six new mosquito bites, and a gay promise from Daddy, "Tomorrow night we'll pick even more, won't we?" By this time, however, I was lost in a dream of that glorious, far-distant day when our raspberry empire would finally decline and the mosquitoes would lunch for the last time on my arms and legs.

Christmas In Other Lands

By Debbie Selkowitz, Nan Selkowitz and Pat O'Donnell

YULE-TIDE in old Russia is somewhat similar to a real old-fashioned Christmas in America. On Christmas Eve it was the custom to fast until after the first service in church, or until the evening star appeared. The people prayed before their respective sacred pictures, recited psalms, and then started for church. It was wise to hasten home after church and get to bed in order to have a pleasant dream, as it was sure to come true, according to Russian authority.

Welikidenj . . . Christmas Day . . . was started with an early breakfast. At noon, following a twelve-course dinner (to honor the Twelve Apostles), gifts were exchanged among close relatives and friends. The younger people played games, went snowballing, or guessed riddles. A priest usually came around in the late afternoon to bless the house and household. The *Kolyada* songs, which were composed centuries ago by unknown writers, were sung late into the evening, bringing to a close the three-day observance of Christmas in Russia.

Christmas preparations start before the actual holiday in Mexico, for all homes have to be decorated and ready to receive guests by December 16. After this date several families may arrange to hold a *posada* together. For a *posada* two groups are arranged: the Cruel Innkeepers and the Holy Pilgrims. Then these groups act out part of the story of Jesus's birth. After this, a large earthenware jug, decorated with tissue paper, tinsel, angels, figures of men, and animals, is hung in the middle of a room and filled with candy and toys. Each child has a chance to break the jug with a stick while blindfolded. When it is broken all scramble for the presents.

On Christmas Eve . . . *Noche Buena* . . . the church holds a service at 11:45 at night. The people sing the litany of *Nino Dios*, and they sing the *Rorro* to soothe the Infant Jesus. At midnight the laying of the *Nino Buena* in His cradle climaxes the service.

CHRISTMAS in Persia is known as the Little Feast. A great fast is observed, during which no meat, eggs, milk, or cheese are eaten for the first twenty-five days preceding Christmas. It is a time of peace and meditation, a time for attending services at the church. When the fast has ended, the fatted cattle are killed and plenty of meat is prepared for the great Christmas dinner, and the feast is begun.

The children of Persia have never heard of Santa Claus, and gifts are not exchanged at Christmas. The children receive a new suit of clothes which they wear proudly all during the joyous Christmas week. A chicken stew, called *Harasa*, is very popular at Christmas time and is cooked in large quantities.

Persia played an important part in the history of the first Christmas, for it was from there that the three Wise Men came.

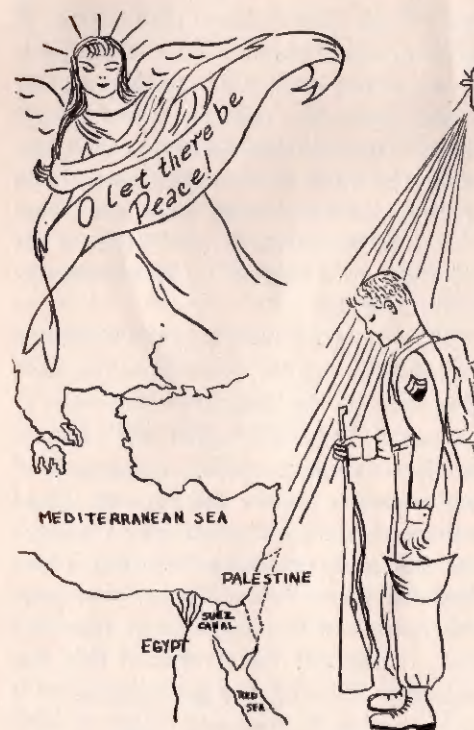
It is said that Saint Nicholas, as the Dutch call him, came from Holland. His costume consists of embroidered robes, glittering with gems and gold, a mitre, a crozier, and a pair of jeweled gloves. Saint Nicholas visits earth on the fifth of December and distributes his treasures, candies, and toys early in the morning of the sixth. He is very candid about telling them of their behavior and carries a birch rod under his arm, which is used instead of confections and toys when needed.

Instead of the usual custom of filling stockings, as in America, the Dutch leave their wooden shoes on a table for Saint Nicholas to

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The Answer

By Linda Place, '57



. . . . A small man-made waterway reflects the luminous star,
And the whole world watches.

. . . . Long pipelines carry black gold, while the giant of industry gluts itself and greedily calls for more.

The soldier thinks of the peaceful hillsides
Where once the angels sang.
Nearby, barbed wire now stretches,
And the invisible barrier of hate.
He ponders the shadow of the great Russian bear,
Stealing silently across impoverished countries.

Again the soldier looks for an answer.
Will there ever be a world united in love?
How long before there can be
Peace on the earth?

Christmas Eve . . .

A soldier stands guard, and wonders,
Why must there be war?
Why kill? It is not the way of God.
Here are the tanks, sturdy for the kill.
Machine guns, rifles—bloodthirsty implements.
Was it for this we were created?
For total annihilation in bloody war?
Was it for this that Christ died?

The star of Christmas shines brightly upon the earth.

. . . . Wretched refugees from Hungary
huddle together in the face of encroaching winter. They dared to ask for freedom.

The star of Bethlehem reflects its rays
In the cold steel of the tanks,
And keeps silence.
In that silence comes the answer,
As if an angel chorus sings in the distance.

These shall remain always,
For war cannot harm them.

. . . . love for God, and for mankind
. . . . the ideals of democracy
. . . . hope for a better tomorrow
. . . . the eternal peace of the Kingdom of God.

The soldier breathes a prayer of thanks,
For he has Christmas in his heart.

The Royal Game

By Bill Singer, '59

THE true story is told of the famous Russian chess master Aaron Nimzovitch, who, when taking part in an important tournament, had finally reached the point where he and one other were as yet undefeated. The day of the play-off arrived, and Nimzovitch, very fidgety and high-strung as usual, took his place at the chess board. Much to his chagrin, for the Russian was extremely sensitive to smoke, his opponent was enjoying a fine Havana cigar. Nimzovitch got up and walked over to the panel of tournament referees to get somebody to request politely of his opponent, who was German and spoke no other language, to extinguish the offensive tobacco. This was graciously complied with, and Nimzovitch once more settled in his seat. Two minutes later he was up again, and again presented himself at the referee box.

"What is it now?" asked the official who had helped previously, a trifle annoyed at the delay. "Is he smoking again?"

"No," said Nimzovitch with an agitated twist of his hand, "but he *looks* as if he wants to!"

It is a pity that so very few teen-agers realize that in the twelve-hundred years the royal game has been played it has captured as many devotees and built up as rich a background of investigation and folklore as any sport man has created. Chess is a fascinating game; indeed, to many it is more than a game. It must rank as an art or a science. It is so intricate in its myriad of combinations, beautiful in the smooth coordination of the pieces, that a person, once properly acquainted with the game, finds himself a willing prisoner for the rest of his life of an amusement which, at every new turn, presents a hundred new features as fresh and novel as if it had never been played before.

Contrary to popular impression, chess is

not a difficult game to learn; the rules can be picked up in ten minutes. What is difficult is learning to play well, and to impugn another popular impression, difficulty is not always connected with drudge. As soon as one learns the rules he is able to enjoy the game and gain experience in the process; experience makes for a more skilled player, and in chess the enjoyment to be derived is directly proportional to the skill.

Chess could be fundamentally described as a battle, or contest, between two armies. As in checkers the material on both sides at the start of the game is equal; as in checkers the players could be called the generals of their respective armies; and the same board used for checkers also finds use in a chess game. But unlike checkers a chess army is composed of different types of pieces, each type with powers of moving different from any other. In this lies the distinction that sets chess apart from ordinary games and gives it the fascination and intricacy unique to itself which have captivated the minds of all manner of men, and will continue to do so for centuries to come.

It might surprise some to learn that chess has a sizable literature, the truthfulness of which can be ascertained by anyone curious enough to look in the library shelves. A simple notation has been developed by which the moves of a chess game can be written down in order, enabling anyone who so wishes to play over a game created years ago. Thus chess, like any other science, art, or amusement, has been profited and advanced by a method nearly as old as man himself—writing. Many stirring battles as thrilling, blood tingling as those fought by King Arthur and his knights are preserved in print to give pleasure to anyone with a quiet evening to

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Entering Another World

By Karen Canfield, '59

I GUESS it was pretty strange for our new sophomores in the beginning. Such an abrupt switch from modernistic schools, always rushing—rushing—rushing, to our stately halls-of-ivy palace of knowledge. It took some getting used to, didn't it? The first weeks were spent mainly in dashing down the wrong corridors, and calling teachers by the wrong names. But now everything has straightened out. The seniors, we hope, have recovered from the shock of nearly getting knocked down in the halls by some happy-go-lucky sophs. And the juniors, though they tend to look down their noses at the "new bunch," have taken it very well.

So now is the time to settle down and study. Every mark we get counts on our scholastic record, and a "D" on your report card in your sophomore year can very well bar you from college. And in high school the teachers aren't going to lead you by the hand; you have to do your own studying.

Obviously, P.H.S.'s motto is "Think or Thwim". So let's hop to it. Open those books, and you are taking your first steps into another world.

WINTER NOSTALGIA

By Karen Canfield, '59

That cold, wet wind
Is whistling 'round,
The snowflakes fall
On frozen ground.
Old, outgrown skates
Are up for sale,
And skiers hit
The frosty trail.
While snug and warm
Inside, we hear
The last soft hymn
Of a dying year.

LOVE

By Henrie Haidak, '58

A quickening of the pulse,
Mingled here and there with little ecstasies.
A thousand joys divided by a thousand sorrows,
Leaving the quotient of love.
A little good, a little bad—
Allowed to simmer so they will blend well,
And flavored with the right atmosphere—
Perhaps a full moon or the permeating scent of lilacs.
Over all this, a sense of waiting prevails,
And woven among these, the fibers of hope.
Always present—the ingredient, impatience,
Paired with that which can only be called fortitude.
Sprinkled over all is a sense of wondering,
Which is evenly matched by a mute, silent acceptance.
Love is rosy, happy, misty,
And love is sad.
Love is everything, yet nothing.
Love is an awakening from the prison of childhood—
A perpetual struggle to free oneself from adolescence.
Mysterious, flighty, delicious, fickle,
Changeable, moody, "different."
Containing the essence that is life.
And added to it—a pinch of Godliness.
The complete filling of an emptiness within one's mind
Sought, wanted, prayed for.
Yet, with all this, one must still ask,
"What is Love?"

SHORT STORIES

Estella

By Karen Canfield '59

"ESTELLA, the bright star," we called her. "Estella, the gay." And she deserved those titles, because my friend Stella was nothing less than spectacular—even now, when she is pushing forty. There she is, standing at the altar, wrapped in satin and lace—marrying, of all people, Tommy, the book seller. Well, Estella has always had strange tastes. I can remember the summer, many years ago, when I first met her . . .

"Betsey, dear!" my friend Anne said to me. "Are you listening?" With an effort, I tore my eyes away from the beautiful girl at the counter of our small-town store. This was the first glimpse I had had of high fashion—and she had exactly the right taste. Her clothes looked as if they had been designed just for her—and perhaps they had. At her side stood a chauffeur, who took her small package, and escorted her back to her car.

"Like I was saying," Anne went on. "Isn't she fabulous? I envy you, dear! Imagine having the luck of living next to her!"

I mumbled a reply, and Anne, not noticing, went on talking. Before long, her voice was just a long blur. I was thinking of my new neighbor, Estella Rhodes.

It wasn't long before Estella and I were good friends, and we went for walks together. Estella, saying she wasn't strong, always held my arm tightly. I didn't mind—nobody ever refused Estella anything. She saw only the best in a person, even if he was as ugly as sin. That never mattered to her; she cared only for what was inside.

Ah, yes—that summer, we had grand times. Many were the nights that Estella and

I danced our slippers through, at a ball. When autumn came, Estella went back to the city, and from time to time, I saw an article in a newspaper about her life in high society.

Now, here I am, sitting in a pew at her wedding, and thinking back . . .

. . . Though Estella seemed destined for greater things, perhaps it's not so surprising after all—for Estella is blind.

SONG OF CHRISTMAS

By Linda Place, '57

Faintly the melody begins;
Solemn faces under hoods.
Candlelight flickering in a monastery.
Christmas in the heart
Is a measured chant upon the lips.

A child kneeling in awe
Before a crèche, while
The song of an unseen choir practicing
Drifts into the church.

The chorus is taken up by
Bells in great cathedrals.
Praise bursts forth with their tones.
People pause to hear the
Glorias, and walk on
In happiness.

Swelling in the clear air of Christmas Eve,
The song of Christmas fills the heart.
Through all the earth it is sung.
The melody is love: the words—
"On earth peace, good will toward men."

DECEMBER, 1956

13

The Little Monk

By Linda Gagnier, '58



he felt his eyes were not worthy of so great a miracle. Just then, Mary, the Mother, raised her head and said,

"Do not wonder at such a thing, for you have served my Son well. You have shown your genuine love for my Son. Never change, oh, you of tender heart. You have given your love, which is the greatest gift of all."

With these words, "Gloria in excelsis, Deo," the figures returned to their original positions and the bells ceased to chime. But the bells would always chime in the heart of the Little Monk, for this was Christmas morn.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By Marcia Allen, '57

Christmas time is really great,
But there's one thing that I just hate!
This concern truly keeps me hopping—
The frightful task of Christmas shopping.
What to buy is pure confusion.

I never arrive at a conclusion.
Sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts—
What to give them really haunts.
The crowded streets, the dreadful noise,
The falling parcels wreck my poise.
All my joy grows grimmer, grimmer,
As the wallet gets thinner, thinner.

To anyone who can bear all that
I gladly, reverently doff my hat.
But to this I loudly cheer,
"Thank heaven, this comes but once a
year!"

THE big brass bell in the little village church was tolling twelve o'clock, and the Little Monk was just about to lock up for the night. He was making one last check to see that all was well when, suddenly, from the sound of the lone bell came a glorious chiming from a multitude of them. The Little Monk wondered at this. Then his eyes came to rest upon the manger into which he had just placed the figure of the Christ Child. The figures had come to life. The Little Monk gazed in awe.

Suddenly, the angels above the altar lifted their voices in praise of the Savior. The most beautiful music that the world has ever known, that music which the shepherds heard so long ago, filled the heart of the Little Monk with joy; and he fell to his knees in admiration and love.

However, the Little Monk began to wonder why he should be chosen to witness such a miracle—he whom the bishop had had removed to the village church because he said he could converse with animals. It was true that the Little Monk was extraordinary. But

Supreme Gift

By Jon Shepardson, '57

GEORGE Pennel looked over the top of his scarf. He could hardly see his friend standing next to him, as the snow was so thick and blowing so hard.

"We'll see you in the morning, Jim." Jim's reply was drowned out by the wind. Then George Pennel continued on his way home.

Mrs. Pennel, at the same time George left his friend, said to George, Jr., "Georgie, Daddy'll be home soon." Georgie pressed his nose against the window pane and gazed into the storm. The only thing he could see was a car passing the front of the house. The car was moving fast and Georgie knew that Dad would say that the driver was crazy to travel so fast in such weather and in the town. Georgie's eyes widened, for he saw the car begin to slide sideways just as a figure he knew was his father came into view. In the storm his father never heard the car. Georgie screamed. Some strange feeling caused George Pennel, Sr. to look up just in time to see a dark mass loom out of the storm and engulf him.

The unclouded instincts of a small boy seemed to tell Georgie that his father was dead. His mother went out and came back and said nothing except that Daddy was gone on a long trip. Georgie knew better.

The world that Georgie had loved now grew small and dark and cold. No longer did he sit at the window watching the activities outside. Dad was gone, the best friend Georgie had, the greatest man in the world, gone, and so near Christmas. Dad had been the one who knew what Christmas was really about. Georgie was only ten but he knew the real story of Christmas. Dad also knew all the stories about "Old Saint Nick," but he wouldn't be telling the stories this year. Christmas began to lose its glow of anticipation and joy for Georgie, and he wasn't even

happy to see the Christmas tree Uncle Ed brought.

Georgie began to hate. He hated the children on the street who had fathers. He began to hate the drivers of automobiles. His hatred spread to all the people in the world who were happy. Georgie knew he would never be happy again.

* * * *

"Mrs. Pennel, I'm sorry but it appears that your husband has no chance. His condition has been getting worse and it's a miracle he is still alive at all. I'm sorry." The doctor really was sorry. Mrs. Pennel could see it in his eyes.

* * * *

Georgie seemed to be living in a small circle with no chance of ever getting off, and the circle went around through life in total darkness. Georgie had always been an "A" student in school. But now Dad wasn't there to say, "Pretty good, son. You'll be as good as your old man yet." Georgie's teacher saw the change now to low marks and called Mrs. Pennel. The two arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Pennel had been a great inspiration to Georgie and that now that he was gone, part of Georgie was gone too. The teacher expressed her regrets that Mr. Pennel was failing fast.

"You miss your father very much, don't you, Georgie?" His mother's voice sounded sad.

"Yup."

"But you know what Daddy always said, 'We Pennels are pioneers from way back and pioneers continue on in spite of anything.' Isn't that so?"

"Yup"

"Then do you think your father would want you to act like this? He taught you the prayers you know because there is Someone

greater than you or I who gave up His son for all mankind. If He hadn't, we would not have Christmas. Your father taught you that."

"Yup"

"And remember, when your cat, Snowball, died, Daddy told you then, 'The Lord maketh the whole world and He maketh all things in that world and thus anything He wisheth to take from that world He has the right and power to do so.'"

Deep down, the light his father had kindled once more flared in Georgie Pennel. The dark curtain was lifted from the universe and the foreboding circle was shattered in all directions. On this Christmas Eve Georgie's heart once more sang with the carolers and glowed with the Christmas lights and the love of his father. Georgie knew that he had his father's name and he must therefore live up to it.

"Dear God," prayed Georgie that night, "I guess that heaven's the best place for Dad. He was so good, and so if You really need him I guess I can give him up and You can have him. Thank You for letting me have such a father and letting me know him, and please help me be like him." Then he added, "Merry Christmas."

The Man up high listened to Georgie's prayer and realized what a birthday gift the boy was offering. He was touched with compassion. "Georgie," He said, "it is an important lesson that says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' You have learned well and are willing to give and that's what counts." And He waved His hand over the bed of George Pennel, Jr. and then over the hospital bed of George Pennel, Sr. and said, "Merry Christmas." And a great light, invisible to most people, shone. The nurse who was checking on Mr. Pennel saw it and dropped the glass she was holding. She then walked to the bedside where George Pennel was now breathing easily and normally. Mrs. Pennel thought she saw a light in Georgie's room, but she found him asleep. Mrs. Pennel

could see that he was smiling, though, and she knew that he would now be all right.

Georgie heard the phone ring early in the morning. His mother talked for some time and then called Georgie downstairs. It seemed as if Dad were really there as he opened the presents, for he was happy and so was Mother.

In the afternoon Uncle Ed took them to the hospital. They went every Christmas to visit the poor people in the hospital. They saw many people and they all seemed happy to see the Pennels. A very slight regret touched Georgie's heart that Dad couldn't be here. And yet Georgie felt he was.

After many rooms they entered one in which there was a poor man all wrapped in bandages. After a short while, because the man didn't seem to know they were there, Georgie said, "I hope you get well soon, sir."

The man's bandaged face turned toward him and all Georgie could see was his eyes. But from those eyes Georgie knew, as the man said, "Thank you, son; I know I will", that he had received the most super deluxe gift of all time. His father.

SONG OF THE SNOW

By Karen Canfield, '59

Snowflakes here!
Snowflakes there!
At my feet,
In my hair!

Falling as swiftly
As they dare,
Covering the ground,
Filling the air.

The soft white curtain
Slowly drops,
And lights appear
In little shops.

The snow will fall on
Through the night,
To paint a masterpiece
In white.

A Novice on Big Bromley

By Ellen Schainuck, '58

AS the mist rose, the February day became clear and crisp—just the perfect day for skiing. If only I knew how to ski! I had just taken up the sport that winter and had had the hickories under me exactly four times.

While I was lamenting the fact that I wasn't as proficient a skier as I would have liked to be, the phone rang. Gloomily I answered it. My girl friend's voice gaily resounded from the other end. "Ellen, how would you like to go skiing today on Big Bromley?"

I began to think that the girl had gone stark, raving mad. Big Bromley? I had heard that only experienced skiers ventured there—those who had advanced to the stage where they could ski at least forty feet without falling.

When I questioned her sanity she said, "Oh, you'll be all right. They have beginners' slopes up there." You see, she knew my very limited skiing abilities.

Eager to go, I threw caution to the wind and broached the subject to my mother.

Now, my mother is, like all mothers, very cautious. Just the mere mention of the ski area brought visions of slopes like the ski areas in Switzerland. She was sure her only daughter would come home in at least four pieces. After much arguing, begging, and pleading, however, she consented.

When we arrived at Big Bromley, even I, the daredevil, began to get nervous. I told Marty that I was staying on beginning slopes.

We proceeded to the tow, and up, up we went. I began to question my own sanity when all feeling left me as I glanced at the length of the trail I was to descend. When we finally got off the tow and I regained my senses, I took a look around me. The scene before me was devastatingly beautiful. One

could look down a dazzling white mountain dotted with evergreens. The reflection of the sky on the neighboring mountains gave the horizon a bluish hue.

Despite the breathtaking scene, the icy hand of fear clutched my heart as I falteringly skied down what seemed like Mount Everest. Suddenly, and much to my amazement, the red dots of the ski buildings came into view. When I felt the good earth stop moving beneath me, I realized that I had skied all the way down and was still in one piece.

The initial shock over, we gaily continued our jaunts up and down the mountain until, tired but happy, we sank back in the car and arrived home in a state of semi-consciousness.



SUNSET ON A SMALL ISLAND

By Rosalie Allen, '57

The silver tongues
Of the shining lake
Lap softly at the shore.

The whispering winds
In the stalwart trees
Have voices soft and sweet.

The slender grass
On the green-hued isle
Sways softly in the trees.

The scarlet sun
In the summer sky
Sheds beauty on the scene.

Here is the peace of God.

SCHOOL NOTES

SCHOOL NOTES STAFF

Gail Barber, Sandra Donna, Sharon Kelsey, Neoma Keyes, Dorothy Fedoryshyn, Rochelle Harris, Esta Harris, Adelaide Dorfman, Debby Selkowitz, Jane Barlow, Nan Selkowitz, Jane Blair, Rosalie Allen, Suzanne Brassard, Mary Carolan and Carol Castagnetti.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

Senior Class officers were elected in October: David Farrell, president; Paul Venti, boys' vice-president; Patricia Taglieri, girls' vice-president; Sandra Donna, secretary; and Joan Menin, treasurer.

Senior Class Council members who were elected by their homerooms are: 14 B—Lawrence Buffi, Raymond Bushey; 101—Robert Pensivy, William Thornton; 102—Philip Daoust, Richard Delmolino; 103—Peter Frank, Bruce Pulver; 104—Paul Rote, Joseph Simonetta; 103—Raymond Pierson, James Winslow; 107—Lee Lester, Joan Bennett; 201—Anthony Adornetto, Brenda Barton; 202—Theodore Bursimati, Elaine Cancilla; 203—Marilyn Dastoli, Bruce Dellert; 204—Dorothy Fedoryshyn, Albert Grunow; 205—Margaret Hodgins, Thomas Holleran; 206—Robert Loebelenz, Jane Massimiano; 208—Thomas Mulcahy, Carol Nelli; 212—Joseph Bonacquisti, Bruce Hamel; 231—Robert Rohlf, Patricia Stiffler; 311—Robert Moore, Robert Pelletier; 337—Adele Todd, Raymond Tuggey; 344—David Gilson, Marion Tuccaro.

The Senior Class Council elected the following people as chairmen of committees: Jane Massimiano and Thomas Mulcahy, Cap and Gown Committee; Patricia Stiffler and Thomas Holleran, Christmas program Committee; and Bruce Dellert, Goodwill Committee.

RADIO CLUB

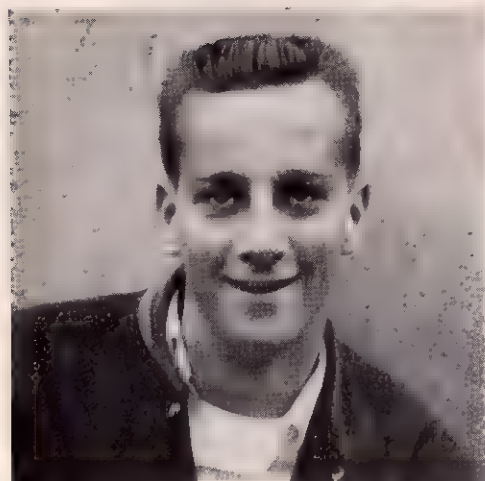
The new members of the Radio Club are engaged in learning the Morse Code in order that they may obtain their amateur operator

licenses. During their meetings, which are held each Monday, a project, the building of a high power transmitter, is being planned. Anyone in Pittsfield High School wishing to do so is invited by the Radio Club to send a radiogram to any locality in the United States. The club and its advisor, Mr. Arthur Needham, a General Electric employee, will welcome any new members at any time during the year.

RALLY NOTES

As a prelude to the concluding football game of the season, a very spirited rally was held in the school auditorium on Friday, November ninth. The school band started things rolling with some lively marches, followed by an opening speech from Frank Murphy, who acted as chairman throughout the rally. School spirit was raised to its peak by inspiring talks from Coach Gleason, Joe Simonetta, Danny Young, Coach Carmody, Coach Morris, and Mr. Hennessey. Our active cheerleaders should be congratulated for their fine work in leading the student body. Something that came as quite a surprise to most of us was Pat Taglieri and her group who presented their ideas on what the St. Joe football team and cheerleaders were like in 1920. They put on a great act—one we all enjoyed. A new song was introduced to us by the cheerleaders, assisted by the Drill Team. Called the "Pittsfield Bears," its lyrics are based on the team and the mascot. The rally was concluded with everyone in high spirits.

WHO'S WHO



KEN GALE

Here is C.P. senior Ken Gale. Very active in school affairs, he is president of the Student Council, has been home room representative for three years, was refreshment chairman of the Junior Prom and was on the Junior Class Council. He's on the football team and is Caption Editor of the year book. Ken is also president of Phi Hi-Y.

Among Ken's favorites are basketball and American chop suey.

Next year he hopes to go to either Cornell or the U. of M.

Study and work hard, Ken. Success will come your way.

MARIE COZZOLINO

Vice-president of our Student Council, Marie Cozzolino is also an officer of the Cadettes, a member of the yearbook staff, and a member of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. She was girls' vice-president of junior class and served on Decoration Committee for Junior Prom.

Marie's hobby is collecting pictures and information on James Dean and, likewise, her favorites include seeing him in movies. She also likes hot dogs and hot fudge sundaes.

Although Marie is undecided as to what she will do after finishing high school, we are sure that she will continue her success.



RALPH LAKE

A happy-go-lucky C.P. senior, Ralph is always busy. He has served for three years on the Student Council, was co-chairman of the Junior Prom, and is vice-president of the Phi Kappa Psi. His trumpet makes an outstanding contribution to the P.H.S. band, dance band, and orchestra.

In June Ralph is going into the Navy. Afterwards he expects to study either to play or teach the trumpet.

Good luck, Ralph, in all your future undertakings and continue that pretty music!



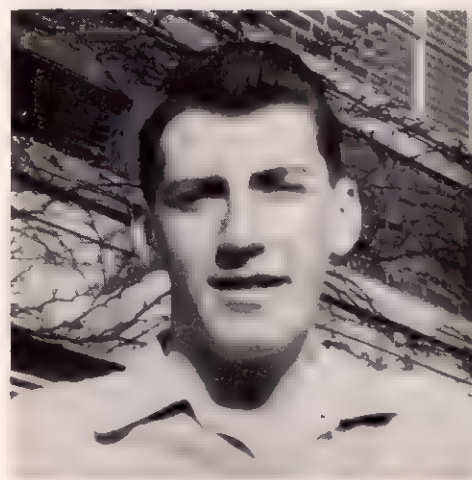
WHO'S WHO

MARCIA ALLEN

A bustling young lady is C.P. senior Marcia Allen. She plays the flute in both the P.H.S. band and orchestra and sings with the choraleers. She was co-chairman of the Junior Prom, is secretary of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y, Editor of the 1957 Year Book and Poetry Editor of THE PEN. Her hobbies are dancing, sewing, singing and eating pizza.

After graduation Marcia hopes to go to Cornell and major in Home Economics. Her senior year, says Marcia, is "too terrific."

Best of luck, Marcia, in all your future endeavors.



FRANK MURPHY

Meet Frank Murphy, an active Senior in the C.P. course, a home room representative and a member of Phi-Kappa-Psi and the Hi-Y-Tri-Hi-Y cabinet. At Boys' State he was elected Secretary of State. He is president of the United Students Fund, Boys' Sports editor of THE PEN, and Dedication editor of the yearbook.

His favorites include steak, the Boston Red Sox, and all the Holy Cross teams.

Despite Frank's opinion of senior year—"I'm still alive"—we are sure that he will survive and that his days at Holy Cross will be successful.

MARY PORTER

Mary Porter is chaplain and warden of Theta Tri-Hi-Y, a member of the Student Council, and a Cadette. Last year she was a home room representative, a member of Junior Class Council, and a member of last year's Student Council.

Mary's pet peeve is English assignments. Her favorites are hamburgers and Spanish, and horseback riding ranks first among her hobbies.

Future plans include a junior college and a law degree. Her opinion of senior year—"Harder than I was told to expect." Best of luck for future success, Mary.



HI-YI—TRI-HI-Y NOTES

The Alpha girls conducted a food sale to raise money. They also had a bowling party and prepared a Thanksgiving basket for a needy family. For a Christmas project, they made stuffed animals for needy children.

Beta co-sponsored the successful Victory Dance on November 12. Their many other activities included a Thanksgiving basket, a candy sale, a trip to the jail, and a talk by one of Pittsfield's hairdressers.

The club, Delta, toured the jail and sponsored a cake sale.

Gamma, under the leadership of Ann Bingham, sponsored the Harvest Hop on October 20. Furthermore, they had a pizza party, and toured the jail.

The Sigma girls co-sponsored the Victory Dance, enjoyed a pizza supper, and toured the jail.

A man from the Union Federal Savings Bank spoke to Theta. In addition, they held a pizza supper, and toured the police station and jail.

The Zeta girls sponsored the enjoyable PHS Dance Band concert.

The co-ed club Phi-Hi-Y co-sponsored the Victory Dance. At their open meeting Coach Nesbit showed a film on the PHS football games and ski meets. They went to the Pittsfield Day Care Center for a service project.

Omega Hi-Y had a paper drive. They plan to sell "Tech" emblems and "I like Elvis" buttons.

The Phi-Kappa-Psi boys sold "I'm from PHS" buttons.

The officers of Senior Hi-Y are Mike Zaveruka, president; Al Grunow, vice-president; Mike White, secretary; Bob Loebelenz, treasurer; Bob Jordan, chaplain; and Roger Procopio, warden. These ambitious boys sold football tags.

David Farrell and Mike Zaveruka represented the Hi-Y—Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet at a two-state conference in Athol on October 20.

MUSIC NOTES

Once again the Yuletide spirit has taken over the music room of Pittsfield High School. Under the direction of Mr. Wayne, the orchestra, the choraleers, and the girls' Glee Club are planning the Christmas program.

The orchestra, which played at Open House, will play several selections. The choraleers will sing several numbers, and the girls' Glee Club will do the Christmas Mystery. Cathy Nadon, a soprano, will be soloist during the program.

The P.H.S. Band performed at home football games and marched in both the Veterans' Day and Halloween Parades. At the latter parade they won first prize. The band is now planning a trip to Washington, D. C. to participate in the "Cherry Blossom Festival" which will be held in April. It may also be possible for the band to perform in a high school en route. The first of the money-raising campaigns for this trip was the jazz concert given by the P.H.S. Dance Band.

PHS ASSEMBLIES

Brayton L. Smith, present executive director for Junior Achievement in Western Massachusetts, spoke to the students at an assembly on October 18. He explained the history of the local Junior Achievement program, the procedure in organizing and operating the miniature companies, and the value of Junior Achievement for teen-agers.

A student assembly at PHS on October 24 featured Jarry Tobler, who presented a brief history of the banjo, trick playing methods, banjo imitations, and novelty tunes. Mr. Tobler, who began his study of the banjo at 19, has played in many parts of the world.

A student assembly on November 2 featured a talk by Dan T. Moore. Mr. Moore, a former counter-intelligence officer in Cairo and the Middle East, has had careers as soldier, adventurer, traveler, journalist, counter-spy, and lecturer. His subject was "Spy Warfare Today."

P.H.S. MASCOTS

P.H.S. now has a mascot—a white bear—which was introduced to the public at the annual Pittsfield-St. Joe game. Familiar to most P.H.S. students, he has a purple banner attached to a pencil in his hand, and a purple ribbon around his neck. The little white bear does not have a name as yet, but he will be named in the near future. Three hundred of them had been ordered, but since the students were so interested, Miss MacNaughton sent in a second order. Now five hundred mascots have been sold. The cadettes, who have sponsored the sale, would like to see that every student has one for all the games. If you haven't already bought yours, put in your order now to either Miss MacNaughton or to any member of the Drill Team. The price is only one dollar.

RETAIL NEWS

The Retail Club is planning a special Christmas display. The seventeen members of the club will plan and arrange this display for their room. All the students in the class are working full time during December as their special class training.

J.V. CHEERLEADERS

After much practicing and "limping around," nine enthusiastic junior girls were chosen for the J.V. cheering squad at tryouts held in late October. The cheerleaders are Patricia Driscoll, Jeanne Gilardi, Johanna Kessler, Barbara LaBarnes, Margaret MacGregor, Beth Morrill, Lucia Relva, Pauline Skogsberg, and Paula Spasyk.

P.H.S.—A SAFE SCHOOL

Pittsfield High School has been placed, for the first time, on the National School Safety Honor Roll for exceptional effort in safety. This was for the school year 1955-1956. The

drive for school safety is sponsored by the National Safety Council.

Let's keep up the good work and win a place on the Safety Honor Roll for 1956-1957!

TECHNICAL NEWS

The Tech Bowling League is under way again this year after having a very successful year in 1955. Dick Wilson, a junior who bowled last year, planned and organized the program which started the pins falling. There are four teams of four boys each. The teams are the Volts, the Amps, the Ohms, and the Watts. Their respective captains are Sandy Martin, Dick Eberle, Dick Wilson and Bob Simmons. At present the Volts, 18-6, are in first place. They are followed by the Ohms, 17-7, the Watts, 11-13, and the Amps, 2-22. At the end of the year the boys are planning to use the leftover dues to take a trip to Boston to see the Red Sox play.

In their mechanics classes the juniors alternate every two weeks between theory and lab. During their two weeks of theory the boys study simple machines and the mechanical formulas relating to them. In the lab the boys are fortunate to have a number of machines that are easily operated and are basic in principle. By conducting experiments with these machines the boys are given opportunities to apply and prove the knowledge they learn in theory classes.

During the warmer weather, which we experienced not too long ago, Mr. Montgomery took his mechanics classes outside for an introduction to the transit and surveying. The boys enjoyed the work and are eagerly looking forward to spring when they will be able to figure out their own surveying problems with the aid of the transit.

Mr. Klupfel and Mr. Minneci, who have been helping Mr. Maihl teach the seniors electricity, have left our school to resume their occupation as employees of the General Electric Company. We all will miss them and wish them the best of luck.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

Most students think that Vocational High School is set aside from the regular high school where, because a boy is not capable of doing his regular high school work, he is sent to make the best of his high school studies. That is not so! Vocational really provides an opportunity for a boy to learn to work with his hands as well as his mind.

WELDING

Demands for welders still run high; training for industry is the big problem today.

Many students are busy with projects for Christmas.

William Patriquin and David Heidel recently completed the installation of braces for railings at Allendale School.

A coffee table and andiron set were made by John Dorgan and Raymond Bushey for the Northampton Convention.

PRINTING

Calendars were made by Jim Blache, Louis Bigelow, Lee Fairfield, Richard Pizzuto, and Jim Mazzeo.

Open House invitations were made by the class.

A twenty-four page book, "The Early Contribution of Massachusetts in the Development of a National Program of Vocational Education," was distributed at the Northampton Convention. This was done by the whole class.

DRAFTING

Colin Kelly and Philip Daoust drew up a house plan for Weed Brothers.

An Offset Lithography Department was drawn up by Colin Kelly for the Print Shop.

Locker basket racks for North Junior High were done by Donald Nesbit.

The Drafting Department just received a new white print machine. Instead of blue-prints, the white printer is the coming thing in industries. Since this machine is an am-

monia process, it requires no washing and drying of prints; therefore it cuts down the working time considerably.

CABINET MAKING

Cabinet Making is one shop that is kept busy throughout the year.

One hundred and twenty-five saw horses for "no parking signs" were made for the police department by the whole class. The class also made bedside stands for open house, and a bookcase for a door prize at the Northampton Convention.

SHEET METAL

A post lantern and a magazine rack were made by Gordon Gray and Clayton Fancher for door prizes at the Northampton Convention. The whole class had a hand in making locker basket racks for North Junior High.

Did You Know?

By Julie Gillispie, '58

Here are some *very* essential facts that should prove useful. (Who knows, perhaps someday you will go on a quiz show.)

•The United States joined the state of Texas in 1845.

There are eighty-nine teachers in this school.

There are only about seven shopping days left before Christmas.

In 1776 George Washington received an honorary degree from Harvard.

The multi-colored flood lights at Niagara Falls have 1,440,000,000 candlepower.

Santa Claus hasn't received your letter yet.

In the lowlands of Hawaii, the year-round temperature averages about 75 degrees.

Your heart beats 36,792,000 times a year. Whew!

The needle-capped Chrysler Building, Manhattan Island's second tallest, is 1046 feet high.

You have just acquired some totally useless information.



MR. THOMPSON

Mr. Reginald Thompson, who has been in vocational work since 1922, is well known to hundreds of students from the entire student body. He is the cool, quiet-spoken teacher who directs the Driver Education Program—the actual driving part. Mr. Thompson has become familiar as the man who sits on the left side of the driver's seat in the red car that has enabled so many of our students to gain that coveted driver's license.

Popular with his fellow teachers, Mr. Thompson has served as treasurer, vice-president, and now president of the Western Chapter of the Massachusetts Vocational School Association. He is the representative of the vocational teachers to the salary committee of the Pittsfield Teachers' Association.

Mr. Thompson is married and is the father of three daughters, Berle, Glenys, and Marilyn, all of whom are graduates of Pittsfield High School.

Mr. Thompson was asked the inevitable question, "What do you think of Pittsfield High School?" He smilingly replied, "I think Pittsfield compares most favorably with other schools I know. I believe that good behavior, sound discipline, and scholastic ability have always been strong in our school." What more can anyone expect from this personable member of our faculty!

ALUMNI
NOTES

1956 Graduates at College:

William Noble—HARVARD
Michael Spadafora—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
Karen Tierney—ELMS
Richard Pomerance—NORTHEASTERN
Thomas Phair—R.P.I.
Saundra Trova—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
Patricia Whalen—MARYMOUNT
David Monks—NORTHEASTERN
Carl Leidhold—W.P.I.
Douglas Smith—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
Antoinette Tesoniero—MIDDLEBURY
Carol Sykes—WESTMINSTER CHOIR COLLEGE
Betsey Swift—UNIVERSITY OF N. H.
Donald Siok—MASS. RADIO SCHOOL
William Morris—ART SCHOOL
Richard Ranti—WENTWORTH INSTITUTE
Bruce Zwingelstein—CORNELL
Bruce Willbrant—W.P.I.
Rita Simmons—FITCHBURG
Frances DeFazio—BRIDGEWATER
Eleanor Wesley—BERKSHIRE BUSINESS
Sheila Sacchetti—BECKER JR.
Vivien Levitt—BRYANT
George Trembley—
MASS. COLLEGE OF PHARMACY
Remo DiTomasso—BRYANT
Dale Melikan—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
John Fillio—NORTHEASTERN
Daniel Butrymowicz—R.P.I.
Paul Henchey—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
William Weigand—WENTWORTH INSTITUTE
Joanna Camerlengo, Class of '55, has been named to the freshman honor roll at Tufts University.

GIRLS' SPORTS

ANN SOLERA POLLY SKOGSBERG JUDY ROHLFS SHIRLEY THOMAS CAROL VARANKA
DOROTHY FEDORYSHYN WALTERINA MALUDA JUDY JONES BRENDA WILDE

VOLLEYBALL

This year, as in most of the preceding years, a large number of girls signed up for volleyball. There will be several weeks of hard practice before the inter-class tournament begins. The champions of each class in this tournament will win a letter. The other two varsity teams will receive numerals. Three teams are chosen in each class, Varsity, Jay Vee, and Vee Bee. Thus, every girl who goes out for volleyball will be on a team.

Because so many sophomores went out for this sport, they meet two days a week—Monday and Thursday. The juniors and seniors meet on Tuesday and Wednesday, respectively.

Enthusiasm for volleyball is stronger than ever this year, and the game is ranking close to basketball in popularity. Some exciting games are expected in the tournament play-off.

A TRIP TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

On the extremely cold morning of November tenth the PHS cadets, accompanied by Miss MacNaughton, Miss Guiltinan, and Miss Manville, took leave on a bus for the University of Massachusetts to see the University's spectacular drill team perform at half time at one of their football games.

The girls arrived at the University an hour before game time and were able to stroll around the campus. All of them were enthused at seeing a college football game but most were disappointed in the score, which was not in favor of the University of Massachusetts. However, the precisioned drill team more than made up for the score.

At the end of the half our girls were forced, on account of a few frozen feet, hands, and noses, to retreat to the bus.

Chin-up, girls. Soon you will look as superb as the University of Massachusetts "precisionettes!"

FIELD HOCKEY

As the crisp autumn weather arrived, the more athletic, out-door type girls participated in a strenuous game called field hockey. The sophomores, showing surprising strength, proved to be troublesome to the juniors and seniors. As this goes to the press, the juniors and seniors are still battling for the championship.

The seniors, captained by Sharon Tufts, included Sandy Boldyga, Pat Dellert, Pauline DeVanna, Dot Fedoryshyn, Evelyn Lombardi, Aurie Marshall, Sheila Neilson, Ann Russ, Mary Savery, and Pat Trzcinka.

The juniors, with Carol Varanka as captain, were Linda Bilotta, Kathy Fitch, Julie Gillispie, Sharon Kelsey, Sandy Martinelli, Lorraine Maslanka, Linda Massery, Marty Richmond, Judy Rohlf, and Patsy Ryan.

The sophomores, captained by Pat Benoit and Pat Leahy, included Joyce Borden, Pat Cimini, Barbara Corl, Penny Fall, Carolyn George, Carol Gomes, Joanne Procopio, Ursula Pytko, Margo Shandoff, Carol Sacchetti, and Barbara Trzcinka.

Congratulations, girls, for an exciting tournament, which has promise of more thrills in the play-off between the juniors and the seniors.

BOYS' SPORTS

TONY POLIDORO, DAVE FARRELL, DANNY SOLIN, BOB BUDNITZ

FOOTBALL

For the first time in three years, the P.H.S. football team had a really fine season. The squad ended up with a five and three record, which is a marked improvement over last year. The team during the past season showed increased spirit and experience. The plays seemed to be performed quickly and efficiently. Injuries had been confined to a minimum until the last game of the season when Nick Morris, Paul Venti, and John Seely all sustained broken bones.

The most thrilling game of the year was the last one. Of course, this contest had the P.H.S. team facing their city rivals, St. Joseph's High. The game was played on November 12. Although the field was wet, the players were not hampered. After a series of thrilling plays, intercepted passes, and touch-down runs, Pittsfield, led by Captain Joe Simonetta, roared to a twenty-six to twenty victory. It was Pittsfield's turn to win, as the seniors had never participated in a win over St. Joe until this year.

All in all, Pittsfield did very well this season, and the students are very proud of their team. We all hope that next year will be marked by continued improvement. Congratulations to all!

SWIM TEAM

Among the many varsity teams here at school, a swimming team will represent P.H.S. this year. Under the combined efforts of Coach Carmody, Gordon Sellick, swimming instructor at the Boys' Club, and Jim Quirk, formal practice started on September 23 at the club with a small turnout.

Practice is arduous and many boys have found it too strenuous. Calisthenics play an important part in getting the muscles and

lungs in shape. Fast swimming and diving build up stamina, timing, breathing, and speed.

The members of the team are as follows: Jim Quirk, John Falkowski, Dave Waters, Bill Yeats, Dave Winslow, Jim Hogue, Mike Samale, Dick Merrill, Bill Morten, Jerry Blair, Dick Barber, Tom Barstow, Tom Budney, David Sykes, and Tom Mulcahy.

The team, at present, is very small, and there is room for more boys. Any one who can swim well should see any member of the group or Coach Carmody. Practice is Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 3, Tuesday and Thursday at 5. Our school should have a large representation.

The squad will have three or four meets this year, and letters will be given to those who earn them.

May the team be a sparkling success. Lots o'luck!

BASKETBALL

Now that winter has rolled around again, it is time to take our eyes off the gridiron and to take a look at the court sport. This year's squad is a veteran one, with Captain Dave Farrell, Mike Mole, John Cook, Paul Rote, Ray Pierson, Kirk Leslie, and Charlie Mancivalano as the leading returnees. The main losses were incurred with the graduation of Chris Gilson and from Nick Morris's football injury. Morris, however, will return in January, and, with a highly talented crop of sophomores coming up, P.H.S. supporters should have reason to cheer.

Practice started in November and with the squad working industriously under the tutelage of Coaches Hickey and Gleason, it seems entirely possible and probably that we shall have a successful season!

SKIING

These Berkshires of ours are noted for great skiing, and it naturally follows that our team should be among the best. Once again we have a fine team, and, under the watchful eye of Coach John Nesbit, it should be outstanding in the county. With excellent veterans, led by Ray Tuggey, Dave Doherty, and Doug Woodard, and a host of soph prospects, the squad seems to be in fine shape. Last year's team had the honor of being invited to the New England Championships, and we are confident that this team has the potential and the ability to attain such honors again. Best of luck!

Guess Who?

By Julie Gillispie, '58

Have you noticed that we have had a number of visitors lately? They come into our school to look around, but they don't seem to have any manners. They tie up traffic in our halls, bother some of the students, and sometimes have to put outside. They even have the nerve to walk around with their noses in the air as if they own the place.

Have you guessed who they are yet? Let me identify them for you. They have short, pointed ears, long noses, and, last but not least, four feet.

Christmas in Other Lands

Continued from Page 8

fill. In the morning, candies, toys, trinkets, books, and other articles are found.

Christmas day is devoted by the Hollanders to church rites and joyous family gatherings.

On Christmas Day, December 25, or old style, January 6, the children of Bulgaria receive gifts from Grandpa Koleda, an ancient winter god. Before breakfast, corn is put into a stocking and a portion sprinkled on the doorstep by the head of the house, who says, "Christ is born indeed." Sparks are struck from the Christmas log, with a wish to each blow: health to the farm and a plenteous crop.

The ashes of the log are gathered and a coin is hidden in them, with a wish for a good harvest again made.

In Greek homes special loaves of bread are baked for Christmas. Each loaf is marked with a cross on the top, and a silver coin is concealed within. The housewife fumigates everything in the house with frankincense, after which the father and mother seize the special loaf of bread and break it into small pieces. The first section goes to St. Basil, to the Holy Virgin, or the patron saint whose icon is in the house. The second piece is for the house itself. A third portion goes to the domestic animals. A fourth is for inanimate property. The remainder of the loaf is divided among the members of the family according to age. Each piece is dipped in wine with the words spoken as eaten, "This is for our Grandfather, St. Basil." He who finds the coin is considered to be lucky and prosperous through the year. The money is always used to purchase a candle for the church.

* * * *

The Royal Game

Continued from page 10

fill with no opponent. And in so doing he may learn additional ways to improve his play, to beat his opponent's brains out, figuratively speaking! Or he may record his own games and in so doing add his own contribution to the ever increasing flow of chess knowledge. With each succeeding generation man comes closer to exploring completely the labyrinth he has made for himself, but the yet uncharted channels are many.

A few P.H.S. students, under the direction of Mr. Bagley, have been trying to form a chess club. Unfortunately only five have showed interest, and five is not enough. Anyone who does not know the game will find willing instruction, and whether you know it now or not, you're sure to have fun. An announcement of a meeting of all interested persons will follow. Come and get acquainted with the wonderful world of chess.

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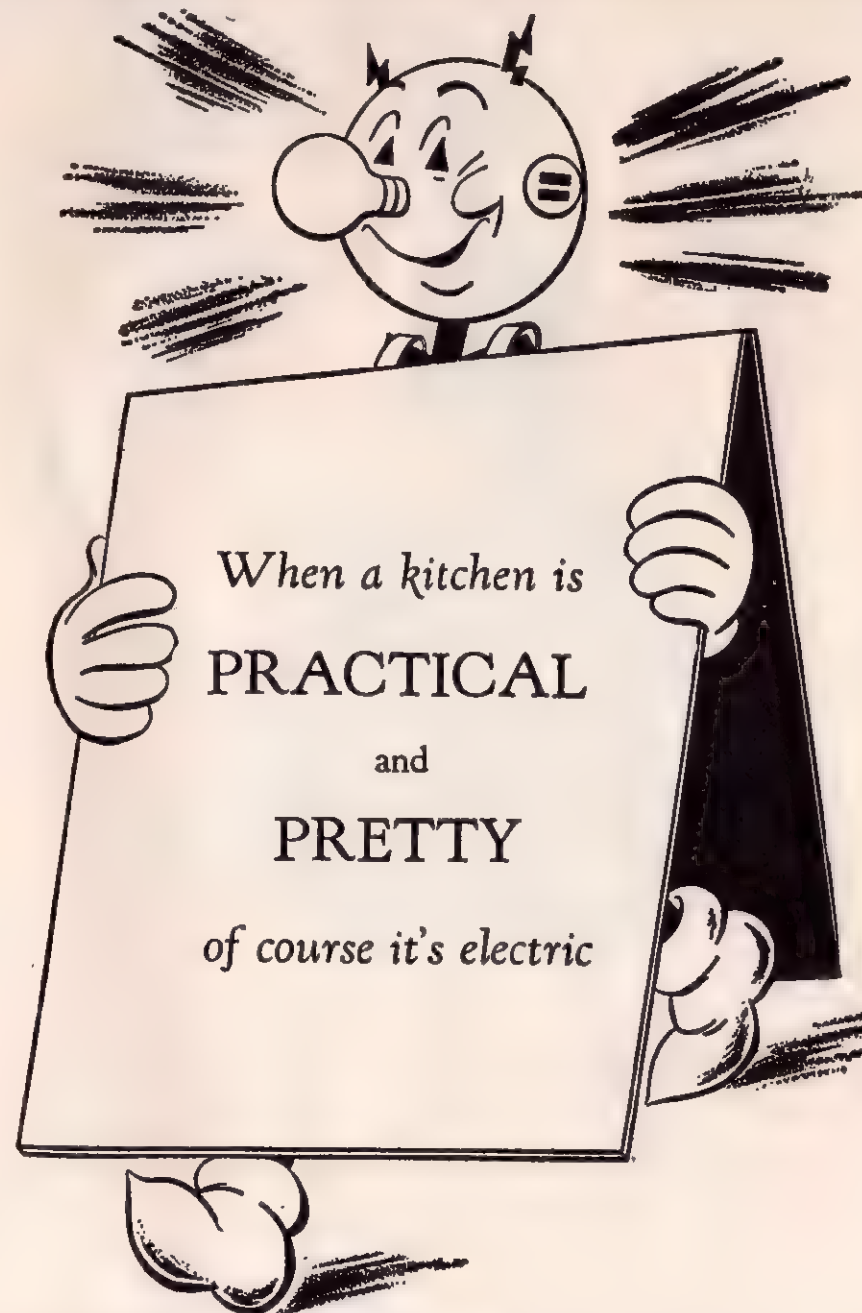


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